

The
West
Saxon



Spring Term,
1930.

WESSEX.

The Annual Magazine published by University College, Southampton, designed to serve as a rallying point for the forces working to create a University of Wessex, and also to provide an annual review of intellectual affairs for the district of Wessex.

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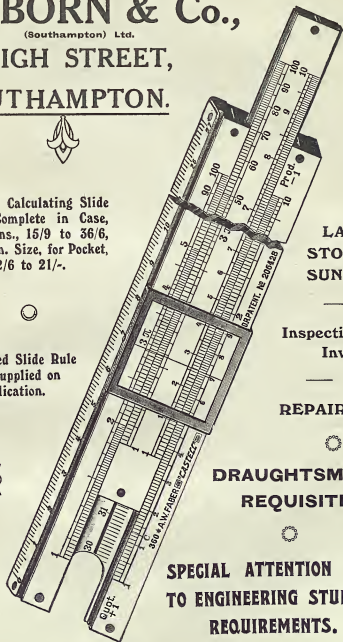
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The Magazine of
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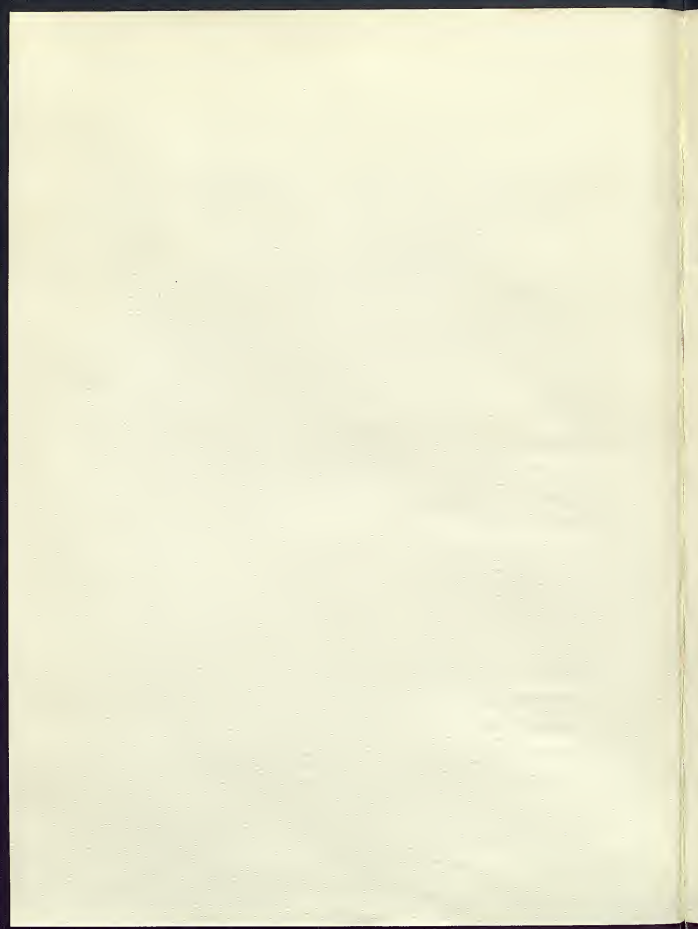
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No. 2.

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THE WEST SAXON

is written by a few busy people

so that

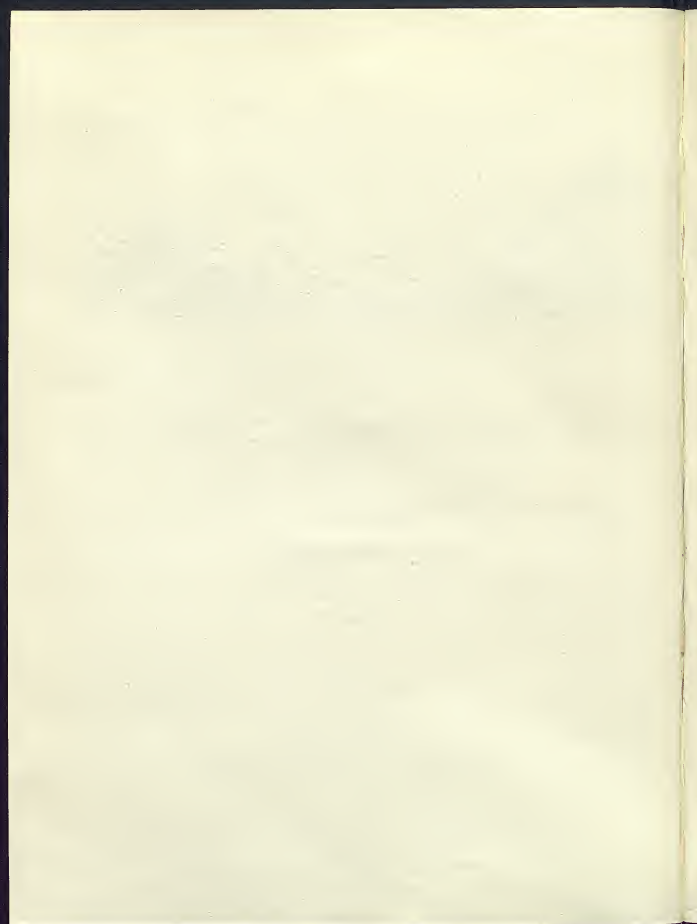
a lot of lazy people

can enjoy it,

which

isn't

cricket.



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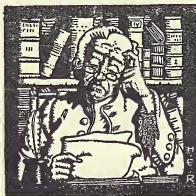
Editor:
L. T. ETCHES.

Sub-Editor:
MISS M. HACKER.

Secretary:
E. NORMAN.

The Editor is not responsible for any views expressed or suggested in the "West Saxon."

EDITORIAL.



TEARS are pouring down our editorial cheeks, rapidly turning our manuscript into a quagmire. Would that our printer could reproduce in their original blurred and watery form these opening lines! It would set many a maidenly eye a-blinking and draw many a stifled sob from the manly throats of our Readers—yea, even from the Rugger team. For, Little Ones, we have before us a goodly pile of surplus manuscript! Even now, we fain must interrupt our terminal babbling in order to pour rejected poem and story over our editorial locks, as did the misers of old their silver crowns and golden ducats. . . .

You must bear with us awhile; we shall be better in a moment. Editors are hardened souls but, like men in bowler hats, they have their rare moments of emotion. . . .

We will reward those readers who have followed our rambling periods thus far with a story.

The following appeared in a Certificate candidate's paper in reply to a question asking what course should be pursued in the last year of Elementary School life: "When the pupil enters the Seventh Standard he has reached the top of the ladder. The next step is a leap in the dark" (Crash!). We must now be serious for one second. Contributions have been numerous—but in many cases the authors have neglected to append their signatures. Would-be contributors must add their names to their contributions, although, if they wish, a pen name only will be published.



REQUIEM.

SLOWLY, pitifully, lay the cold earth upon the bosom
Of that which once was young, and now deformed and old,
Pollutes the earth, its Mother. Let the green unremembering grass
Grow soon upon its grave; I will forget hardly as quickly.

I suppose this once was living; once in radiant freshness
Was strong in virtue of its future-scorning youth
Life seemed to move for it; such human changes and keen cruelties
Had not yet touched its trusting childishness.

All now is silence; a dreary mist, half fog, half sooty rain,
Enshrouds us; let no dirge complete this ritual.
Or I will weep such shameless tears—let my dull heart remember
There is high courage in forgetfulness.

There's the last clod; but for the tender mist, I am alone
With this long-stifed child of happy moments.
The joy is for a moment; the dull ache everlasting.
Go softly; there lies buried another Friendship.



REVIEW.

"THE LIFE OF A MODERN UNIVERSITY," by Edwin Barker, J. J. Findlay, H. J. W. Hetherington, Margaret Read, A. J. Grant and Sir Charles Grant Robinson. Edited by Hugh Martin. (The Student Christian Movement Press, paper cover, 2s. net.)

Mr. Martin says in his foreword that this book aims "to set forth a philosophy of Modern University Education," and "to help students to make the best of the system that exists."

In a booklet, the second of these ideals is the more manageable. It is treated with intelligent sympathy with the needs and limitations of the ordinary student, and with practical commonsense. I urge every student to read it. The book has the frequent flaw of symposiums—the chapters overlap a little, though the whole book is worth considering, I can only deal with the problems that interest us here.

The book recommends a *via media* between over-idealism and excessive materialism, which is the only way to get the best value out of our short and harassed stay.

We must "pay due regard to the means of livelihood; self-respect is involved," but "learning is the proper objective of university life." In any case, "it is a mistake to think that the best degree results are obtained by exclusive concentration on degree work."

Several writers emphasize the value of human relationships—"personal intercourse, the ebb and flow of mind on mind, is essential to enlargement." "Thinking is a social act." "The one thing that counts in education is the impact of mind upon mind—the University—primarily people." I thank them, and especially Mr. Barker, for his tactful treatment of two difficult subjects, staff-student and platonic friendships, about which we are here a little self-conscious and unintelligent.

The chapter on Overseas Students is excellent reading but does not touch us as much as the last: "Religion in the Modern Universities." The writer has avoided generalities and his broadmindedness and psychological insight make it sympathetic reading, even if we disagree at times. He advises: "the fullest rein to the most pitiless inquiry in every direction," which is uncompromising. A great deal of it has been said before, but that does not lessen its truth and value. Religion and humanity are, after all, commonplaces.

I would like to end by quoting here and there, indiscriminately :
To Day Students :—

"Not a few seem to regard their life as just a sequel to "attendance" at a municipal school . . . they diligently attend classes and laboratories until four or five o'clock and then knock off work and go home to tea, spending their leisure time in their local circle." But "the 'day' student can treat his home as a dormitory while giving the best of himself to his college."

The evil of the lecture system :—

"A pump that discharges a stream of cold and certainly not inebriating information, and a bucket that receives it passively and without enthusiasm." "Perhaps the professor's

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place may be taken someday by a loud speaker symbolically robed in cap and gown." But would this be an innovation?

And two pieces of humour that I cannot believe unconscious :—

In examinations "if you think that wrong questions are set, or too many answers expected . . . do not hesitate to express your opinion to the examiners."

"I would suggest especially to members of the S.C.M., that they have a certain responsibility for the character of the lectures, and that they should think whether they cannot do something to enliven them, if they find them dull."



ON NOTHING.

WHY not? I am a good authority on this subject, for all my days I do . . . nothing. And anything will serve as a title. Not that even this is original. I believe Chesterton once wrote something with this title. But I never read Chesterton. He bores me.

This will be a very stupid article, but I will blame the editor, for he said to me: "Write some more of your tripe, will you?" I thought of reporting his lack of critical insight to the Committee, but was too bored. I was insulted however! For my contributions to the "West Saxon" were not "tripe"; they were exquisite trifles, a little precious, perhaps for limited intelligences—and University Colleges harbour such *very* limited intelligences.

His demand had an effect upon me; I decided to leave the obstetrics of pearls for the obstetrics of tripe. After all, journalism is not very difficult, and there are two types of journalism; there is the type infected with a high seriousness and the type tainted with an airy whimsicality. This article is airy and whimsical. Some people would say empty and ridiculous. But there are a lot of swine in the world.

And it is so dreadfully earnest, this search for a sensible topic; for a skeleton on which to hang the fleshy words and phrases. "What can I write about?"—the eternal cry. And every topic seems flat and unprofitable, every subject stale and weary. And what pleasure to feel that I can ramble at will, that I can say just what I please—anything! Yes, I may talk about cabbages . . . or kings . . . or March hares . . . or Lloyd George . . . or just nothing. I fear schoolboy essays fill me with a distaste for coherence. Not that my mind is essentially coherent. I hate a precise, coherent, pigeon-holed mind; a mind that thinks in schedules and timetables and charts. I prefer an uncharted course for my imagination, a course unknown, rocky maybe, maybe reefed and lagooned, maybe calm and still. Like Georges Sand, I begin a play or a novel without the faintest idea of the end, the climax; my pen and my characters lead me. Unlike Georges Sand, I never end a novel or a play; after the first act I am weary of my puppets.

This article is pseudo-humorous. My laughter crackles drearily, but it is an improvement on Stephen Leacock. I cannot appreciate Stephen Leacock; my sense of humour is not his. Perhaps my sense of humour does not appeal to anyone else, but if that is so, I alone am right. And it is pleasurable to feel myself alone against the world—sometimes. A similar feeling overcomes me in front of a class of boys—too often. And that is not so pleasant.

Well, I have written something. I have enjoyed breaking every rule of style with as much gusto as I enjoy breaking rules at College. And I have not needed any concentration to write this . . . "tripe." Which is just as well, as the Editor will not print this unless he is utterly destitute of copy . . . and his own literature is worse than this . . . probably!

C. L.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—At a recent intelligence test conducted at a Psychology class the Editor discovered that he had the intelligence of a lad of fifteen years of age. This perhaps accounts for the inclusion of the above.]



"I don't go to lectures. But many excellent people have given lectures. It's quite a decent thing to do, I believe. Going to them—that's another matter."
—("HARMER JOHN.")

VICTORIA. (S.R.),

- 1 *Southern
Railway.* Exotic,
Vociferously, verdurant vegetable
Sinuously swaying in unpremeditated
undulations
Aspidistras.

Windows hermetically sealed excluding air
with formidable fastness,
Red
Plush
Curtains
- 2 *Dust.* Saturated with particles of "polvorecence,
putrescent, shrieking with
stinking sordity unto the
Lord.
Aspidistras.
- 3 *God of
Money.* "Mammon and Papa with insensate idolatory,
China
Dogs, mantelshelf
Marble clock ticking
- 4 *refers back
to "marble
clock" and forward
to "horsehair
sofas."* "Black
Horsehair sofas with antimacassars
"Woolly
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10
Pelmets.
Aspidistras.
- 5 *Piano?* "Candlesticks, keys, yellow ivory,
And black, oh Mendelssohn,
Fusty
Photographs grotesque, gruesome and gory, mother
of pearl frames, staggering drunkenly,
military formation
- 6 *Military
dialect.* "Company move to the right in fours form fours
right—Benjamin Beaconsfield
Jingoism
Aspidistras.
- 7 *Prof. Q.
reads these
lines as a
reference to
stuffed birds
in glass cases.* "Ornithology
Static
Moribund
Vitreously entombed
Hail to thee blithe spirit bird thou never wert

VICTORIA (S.R.)¹

- 8 *shelly.*
 - 9 *Reminiscence*
of Bunyan.
 - 10 *Lusts of the flesh.*
Milton P.L. I.
 - 11 *Thomas Hood.*
 - 12 *Victoria 1837-*
1901.
- ²Crustaceous confoundedly
Cursed °Appolyon and °Belial
Nottingham lace King's Cross poverty hunger
and dirt °cowl revolving ventilators
Albert Memorial family prayers
God.
Respectability °our dear queen bustles genteel
red flannel elastic-sided boots
Aspidistras
ASPIDISTRAS.



VICTORIA S.R.

(An appreciation by Prof. Q.)

A NEW era has dawned. The post-neo-Hartleyans have said, "let there be darkness" and there is light. When Lyrical Ballads appeared England shook to her foundations, but "Victoria S.R." has revolutionised the whole literary theories not only of England but of the English speaking world. A new constellation has appeared in the Heavens—the post-neo-Hartleyans have issued their manifesto.

Keen students and critics of modern literature have for long been watching this earnest group of young writers. We have seen their early efforts, their blunders, their groping in the dark to find the form and the language to express that perfervid eagerness which burns within them, and whoever reads Victoria S.R. cannot but doubt that they have found it.

It is needless to point out that the metrical scheme is masterly. The versification, with its subtle cadences and its rich harmonies, combines the aerial phantasies of Homer with the rolling periods of Wilhelmina Stich.

Their freedom and continuity of thought is apparent even in the title. Victoria besides its obvious connotation as the name of one of England's greatest queens, suggests to the poet an aspect of the wonders of modern travel, and this sublime thought is delicately insinuated by the initials S.R. The apposite employment of adjectives and adverbs to indicate the train of thought is another remarkable feature of the poem. What epithet was ever more inspired than "vociferously verdurant" applied to an aspidistra? And the next line gives us a vivid impression of this beautiful plant swaying in the warm air of a Victorian parlour.

It should be noted how each idea, each word almost, suggests some fresh line of development in the untrammelled mind of the poet. In the line following "red" we have "plush" and "curtains" spring to the mind at once. Half way through the poem military commands suggest Disraeli and Jingoism.

But at the same time it can never be urged against these poems that they have no sense of form. While not allowing matter to take second place to form as previous poets have done they preserve an exquisite balance. We have the refrain "aspidistras" recurring effectively and preserving the unity of the poem. And surely nothing could excel the way in which the poem rises to its magnificent climax in the last lines, with its double chorus "aspidistras."

Though it is always dangerous to prophesy we will stake our literary reputation that this poem will take its place as the masterpiece of the higher thought in our newer Universities.



MOON: *A Sonnet.*

THERE are no shadows yet, but with the moon
Will come the chequered patterns that she weaves ;
The uncertain bats with tiny voice will soon
Add to the sound of the faint rustling leaves ;
The sun is set ; stillness soft lures to sleep,
While night's fair orb climbs through low-massing clouds
To ride alone, majestic on the deep
Dark vault of heaven, till in the shifting shrouds
Of wind-divided mist her silver surge
And graceful beauty dim to nothingness.
I long for her mysterious light to purge
The rising sneers of Reason that suppress
Imagination, check it in its birth
And bring me, unprotesting, back to earth.



H.W.L.

SUNDAY—Before 9 a.m. at Stoneham.

GRADUALLY I slipped into an awareness that I was awake, but I couldn't be sure. I may have heard a bell. I remained shrouded in the mists of somnolence, content in the knowledge that it was Sunday. I was privileged to let my fancy rove in a delicate half-dream through that extra hour in bed. I was perfectly satisfied with life. Hadn't I completed an essay yesterday morning? Hadn't the afternoon's sport resulted in a glorious win for the soccer team? Rugger had won, too. I felt mildly interested. Now what did I do last night? I had been good—enough. But, Lord, don't fellows look funny when they're drunk. We know at Stoneham, but I haven't a thick head. I always seem to be a casual observer of most of the exciting things that happen. I think we ought to have a Committee to watch the conduct of some of the men. I know the women have. It's disgusting, the conduct of the men, I mean. Wouldn't it be fun reporting them. I'd have such lots to tell the Warden. Why, I might furnish him with enough evidence to rusticate the whole hostel. But we're a happy-go-lucky crowd. I think I'll remain a casual observer. I once knew a fellow who had a mania for saving souls. I think he saved his own. Anyway, he ought to have done even if he wasn't as popular as he might have been. It's a hard world, and of the earth I'm fairly earthy. What must I do to-day? Letters? That's duty. I'm a slave to duty. There's someone else a slave to duty. Oh, Frederick! That's where I was last night, then, listening to old W.V. warbling through "The Pirates," as if I hadn't heard enough of him already. He's due to start shortly in the bathroom. Anyway, he wasn't so bad in the distance. Nor was Mabel. She was pretty liberal with her heart. These women always are on the stage. Of course, it's alright giving your heart away to someone you know is going to accept it. It's when you lose the damned thing that the trouble starts. You feel like our inside-left must have felt yesterday, always on the look-out to intercept his own passes and tripping himself up looking for an opportunity to give himself the ball. Or else you feel like I do now, pretty dopey; that's because I'm hardly awake, of course. How do you know when you have lost your heart? I wonder if it happens suddenly. I might lose mine this morning. Heavens, it must be getting near breakfast time and I can't stand the risk of losing my heart on an empty stomach, can I? I *must* get up. Now is this effort voluntary or non-voluntary? Hanged if I know. Confound the jargon of that psychology lecture. Don't I do enough language already without having to learn that psychologists insist on misunderstanding half the words of my own native tongue. I shall get enough of that next year, anyhow. What a lot of stuff I've been thinking. Better get up and clear my head.

With one bound I tumble back the blankets, fall into a dressing gown, and dash for the bathroom.

E. F. N.



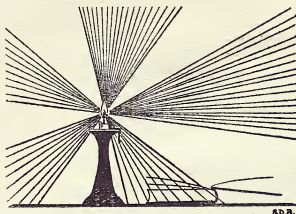
YOU swore love came but once with flame divine,
That but to one maid you could make your vow ?
Think you, O Faithful One, we see not how
To Celia fettered you for Chloe pine ?

For Celia a mournful lay you sing
(Poor wretch, is't Love that thus inspires the strain)
Let Chloe come, it straight revives again,
T'would seem that she can inspiration bring !

Celia that you grow wearying doth complain,
Poor Chloe has a different tale to tell
Chloe grows pale for (mark !) she loves you well,
Would you then cause both these fair ladies pain ?

Recall your words, rash youth ! you are but man.
Your heart is no more fickle than the rest.
Know that a second choice is oft the best,
And seek release from Celia while you can !

ERVILL.



TRIOLET.

IF I should speak, would you resent
Th'expression of such strong desire ?
And of my honourable intent,
If I should speak, would you resent
Presumption in sentiment ?
So, mindful of this urging fire,
If I should speak, could you resent
Th'expression of such strong desire ?



"VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO"

(*Horace*).

AFTER REPEC. LUNCH.

"Here where men sit and hear each other groan."—*Keats*.

PROF. P-T-TT.

"Babbling vain words and fond philosophy."—*Shelley*.

APRICOT JAM, REPEC.

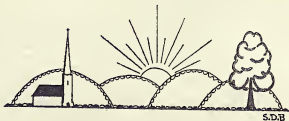
"Here rises the fluid and attaching character."—*Walt Whitman*.

R-MBL-G CLUB.

"Come back to the inn, love."—*W. Morris*.

DR. L-WT-N.

"Up and down, up and down."—*Shakespeare*.



THE NOBLE ORDER OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

(Being excerpts from the diary of a rambler—now defunct).

AT 8 a.m., being awakened by the sound of rain pattering on window, I lie for some minutes in a state of semi-coma, debating whether or not to turn out. Common sense says no, but a restless impulse within prompts me to get up, which I do with much complaint.

9.30 a.m., having made all preparations against its clearing up (manifestly impossible) I stand, hands in pocket, and gaze moodily out of the window through a haze of windswept showers. A grey and uncompromising prospect.

9.45 a.m.—Plainly going to rain all day. Nevertheless with a modicum of goodwill or the least interest in the event, one may persuade oneself that a certain pearly glimmer on the horizon is a presage of change in the weather.

I proceed to S. Stoneham on what I am convinced is a fool's errand.

"Willie, my boy"—I apostrophise myself—"Willie, thou art in very sooth a fool. For who, save such, would venture from his bed on such a day? Crass imbecility, my little one, walking in solitary wretchedness, feigning enjoyment, while others, being wise and not foolish, lie snugly embedded in their homes. O, Willie, Willie—hullo! Bless my soul!—Surely—Why yes, to be sure, there they are my holy and beloved; not wise at all, but fools,—yea, very fools,—God bless them."

And sure enough they have flung wisdom to the winds and have come together once again. There is Ambrosius, who is my friend and very wise; Japhet the ingenuously profane is there, and Cyrus of the sour face and crooked smirk; Gaston who loveth good food, and Bibulus, who thirsteth ever; Fabius, who is a cunning huntsman; Didactus who is a man of science and very learned—they are all there. There, too, sundry women: Diana, who is swift of foot and the lady known as Loo; Deirdre of the Sorrows is there and she of whom, in strictest confidence, it may be said:

Tant est digne d'être aimée
Qu'elle doit être Rose clamée.

Dolores, our Lady of Pain, bosom friend and closest confidante of Deidre is there; and there, too,—how very much so—The Woman of Philistia, the Nut-brown Maiden, who is for a seed of discontent among many men and for whom alone, Cyrus of the sour face, smileth a smile which is not crooked.

Great rejoicing. The lady known as Loo opines that the rain will cease (she invariably does and it never has). Bibulus, who thirsteth ever, says he doesn't mind if it snows and "we don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine." Ambrosius, who is very wise, says the radio predicts "fine intervals."

Whether or not the Woman of Philistia brooks no delay. She is off, shadowed closely by Cyrus of the sour face and crooked smile.

The rest follow more or less closely—a motley crew in all good faith—I, Willie, teller of tales, being of a psychological frame of mind, flitting about them, saying little, observing much and making mental records as I go.

The river. Towpath very muddy—nay, a quagmire. There is a great emptiness within me. For I know the Woman of Philistia, that she is of a hard nature and unfeeling.

THE WEST SAXON.

And the sight of water, above all if it be rich in mud, is a grand sight to her and irresistible and I foresee us being dragged in our despite "through blood and mud to the green fields beyond." And the prospect is unpleasant in the extreme. I pray therefore that the Woman of Philistia may not observe the occasion. Fond hopes! With a whoop of joy she is up and over the stile and splashing grandly through it.

And we, like sheep, with diverse degrees of enthusiasm, follow. Deirdre of the Sorrows bemoans her shoes which are treacherous and leak. Cyrus, snarling over his shoulder, tells her she doesn't know when she is lucky. Japhet, is more ingenuously than ever, profane. Ambrosius, who is my friend and very wise, is of opinion that bare feet would be an advantage: he takes off shoes and socks. Sooner or later the rest follow his example and it is not half bad, splashing bravely and unconcernedly on through mud and water. And then the Woman of Philistia, mistaking the edge of the bank, walks into the river and is hauled out, bedraggled and unkempt and more doggedly energetic than ever, while Cyrus rescues her shoes as they float off down-stream.

For the just there is joy in retrospection. Ambrosius has said it, who is my friend and very wise. We rejoice therefore and are glad, when once more our feet touch *terra firma*, and we contemplate our labours—glad, that is, all except the Woman of Philistia, who is wet and frozen nigh unto death, were it not that death is alien to her. Therefore she snorts and maketh great noise and is in every conceivable manner obnoxious.

"I am hungry," announced Gaston, who loveth good food.

"I am athirst," says Bibulus, who thirsteth ever.

"I am tired," adds Dolores our Lady of Pain, "and would fain rest awhile."

Then Ambrosius, who is my friend and very wise, suggests that an hostelry be sought wherein we may find service and our several requirements be ministered unto.

So the Woman of Philistia, whose task it is,—she being of that outcast breed known as the Geographers, strange fish and cosmopolitan—to deal with all matters concerning time and space, and with whom, for the rest, it is a point of honour and very delicate, produces for our approval an inn, hostelry, public house, or what you will, rejoicing in the enticing name of the "Purple Salamander," with a sign depicting this same fabulous creature, rampant on a field *Or*.

Mine Host is amused, and not, we feel unduly. For the Rambling Club is far from presenting a dignified spectacle as it files solemnly in, foot-besodden and head-bedraggled—looking disgustingly healthy and full of famished *joie de vivre*.

"There is nothing like rambling for stripping the poetry from a woman" smiles Cyrus of the sour face and crooked smile.

Then a gentle relaxation. What shall we drink? Bibulus, a man above the common run of mortals and a lover of large gestures, orders a tankard of what rejoiceth in the picturesque name of "half and half"; Cyrus and Japhet, plain "Halves"; others cyder, beautiful sparkling cyder "from the wood; none of your chemical nondescripts imprisoned in bottles with highly-coloured labels, alien to the nature of the liquor which comes from the broad orchards of "Zumerzet"; a few lemonade and ginger beer and one *lady* (she must be) with charming ingenuousness—a glass of water. For this last there is a hush as it is demanded: strong men quail and cowards try to dissociate themselves from all responsibility. Mine Host will doubtless draw himself up to his

THE NOBLE ORDER OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

full height, gaze down his fine fat nose and ask with the slightest *soupcan* of a sneer : what *is* water ?

But Ambrosius, who is my friend and very wise, knows not hesitation. Gently, tactfully, but firmly he addresses himself to Mine host : " Might the lady (he calls her so, and Ambrosius is very wise)—might the lady have a glass of water."

And nothing happens. Nothing, that is to say, extraordinary. Mine Host bows, goes out, returns with glass of water. The world breathes once more and we settle down to eat and drink.

Meanwhile the first of Ambrosius' " fine intervals " occurs—while we are in the " Purple Salamander " and unable to profit thereby.

As we leave the " Purple Salamander " Ambrosius' fine interval automatically ends.

Our way now lies through woodland. Under the magic influence of " half and half " Bibulus confronts life with a fine bounding enthusiasm. Five-barred gates he takes in his stride ; streams and hedges suffice not to stop him. Deliberately he avoids the easy path of common sense for the sheer joy of overcoming obstacles. The Woman of Philistia, in her own inimitable manner, follows suit. They find an old tin can which they proceed to kick. They are joined by others and a rugby cum hockey cum football match ensues. While the other half, more sedate, more earnest follow at their leisure, Ambrosius who is my friend, venturing boldly into the realms of pure thought, Cyrus of the sour face and the crooked smile relentlessly pinning him down to actualities and I, Willie, saying little and observing much.

And so for many miles.

At 3 p.m. the prognostications previously advanced by the Lady known as Loo, being long overdue, materialise. Ambrosius thinks to claim the credit of a " fine interval " But it is now a definite change in the weather. The uniform layer of clouds is split. Blue rents widen gradually until all that is left of clouds is a few fantastic shreds and futile wisps.

And the heart of the Woman of Philistia rises within her and she bursts into erratic song. And Cyrus, the sour-faced, too, sings and the noise thereof is considerable, so that the absence of harmony goeth unobserved. And a great joy comes upon them that ramble, so that they lift up their voices with one accord and sing brave songs. And they sing songs of love and songs of war, and songs of the earth and songs of the sea ; and songs of the Ukelele sing they too, and many songs more beside. So that many men wonder marvellously thereat and inquire of one another saying : " Alas ! what a caterwauling have we here ? "

And we come to a pit, digged very deep so that one may not pass thereby. But Bibulus who thirsteth ever, being strong and valiant and moreover, fortified with " half and half " is not to be stopped, but, *tenax proposita*, walks into the void and is not hurt but comes out safe and sound to the relief and amazement of them that witness the event.

Sunset and a clear green sky. For many hours it has not rained, but the earth is fresh and wet and good to smell and the landscape like a rare glimpse of wide champaign,

THE WEST SAXON.

such as one sees occasionally in the pictures of the Renaissance—clear-cut and detailed.

And ahead of me—the Rambling Club. Their forms, intercepting the last red, level rays of the sun, fling hungry shadows in their rear.

And among them, one of whom, in strictest confidence, it may be said :

“Tant est digne d’être aimée
Qu’elle doit être Rose claimée.”

And lastly, alone, happy and yet not so, I, Willie, singer of songs and dreamer of dreams—what dreams no man shall know.

WILHELMUS PEREGRINUS.



THE WARRIOR AND THE ROSE.

TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TABOUREAU.

By M. Robert Fortin.

(Translated by W. F. Gosling.)

THE night was dark and sultry when, for the first time, they reached the extreme edge of those kingdoms where Death holds sway. . . .

Slowly, hovering gracefully, the trailing coloured lights of rockets floated in silence up into the starlit sky. The dark, heavy, confused mass of trees through which they had made their way, one behind the other, a silent, determined band, was alive with furtive, whispering shadows quickly vanishing. . . .

The terrifying outcry of the cannons, suddenly roaring, had stopped them dead in their difficult advance: but tightening convulsively their feverish grip on the butts of their rifles, the prey of a sudden inexpressible anguish, they had set forth again on their slow advance towards the first trenches, near at hand.

Like so many others, Romain Laclande, humble suburban mechanic, was not yet twenty when, obedient to the trumpet-call, he had left the beings he loved, the noise and bustle of the factory, the busy town, his humble home, his humble street. . . .

It was certainly not urged by flaming speeches, puffed out with pompous phrases, and rhythmic well-balanced sentences, too often heard, that he stood there, sombre in this night of war, against the parapet of the "petit poste" to which his corporal had just led him: it was not for high-sounding sonorous words, in capital letters, whose meaning escaped him, that he was fighting: no! the conception which he had formed of "La Patrie" was alive, and fair and beautiful: it was the bright face of a lovely smiling woman, two eyes with straightforward gaze, two lips pure and truthful, it was Geneviève. . . . It was Geneviève, and if to-night again, he was to be sleepless, if to-morrow, with convulsive shouts, he must bound, fall flat and bound up again, if he had to grow dizzy with the wild intoxication of the murderous assaults, if he had to run, weapon in hand, towards frightful wounds or even towards Death, it was for Geneviève alone, his little sweetheart and her tender caressing mouth. . . .

He had come to know her amid the deafening clatter of that vast mill, standing at her work, alert and quick to watch over the mad course of the clicking shuttle. . . . She would sing sentimental romances telling of love, and kisses given and taken, and her laugh, pealing out, rich and free, lightened her humble daily task. . . .

One March evening when the first sweetness of an early spring was stirring both their hearts, their new-born love had urged them far through the muddy streets of that distant industrial suburb whose gigantic chimneys pointed upwards, enormous candles, whence there escaped in sinister spirals, thick columns of smoke, mounting like the fumes of incense towards some sombre, formidable deity of iron and coal. . . . He seemed to see her again before his eyes wearied by this long and anxious waiting, his forehead bruised by the hard rim of his helmet, see her as she was when for the last time he had accompanied her to the gate of the factory: thin white threads formed an intricate tracery over her big black apron, and, poised light as snowflakes, a few feathery tufts of cotton fluttered on her hair: and he had loved the easy graceful movement with which she had drawn over the lower part of her face, her large pale shawl.

THE WEST SAXON.

Beneath his muddy coat he could feel the pocket-book she had given him along with her photograph: it was a commonplace enough little snap taken one holiday Sunday at a fair, in front of a canvas nailed across between two trees, and which represented a stone balustrade in a great park, with an alley leading to a castle in the far distance She was standing there, very upright and serious, leaning with one arm on a broken column, dressed in a light dress covered with large flowers, a dress which she herself had made. . . .

How many times had he not contemplated it in hours of distress and anguish, in hours when he no longer understood anything, when he did not want to understand anything. . . .

And there, in that hole in the ground, only a few yards from that enemy whom he had never seen but whom, nevertheless, he hated for all the privations he had suffered. In that night, when he felt in a confused vague way the greatness of the task imposed, he felt himself less lonely, stronger, and a still greater tenderness filled his heart for Geneviève, so far distant. . . .

"On the alert! To arms!"

With a bound he straightened up. From the other side of the trench the Boches were throwing into the air long rocket lights which burst suddenly and let fall wonderful diamonds of light, through the blackness all the more intense because of their brightness. . . .

With stupefying suddenness the watchful 75's were firing ceaselessly, quick, precipitate shots, angry and terrible. . . . Shrill whistles, loud deep swearing, and the clash of arms brought together with violence. "They are attacking"—the words were thrown at him by a comrade as he ran by—"get back to your pals!"

He grabbed up his gun and at top speed made towards the others: but he did not go ten paces: as if a giant's hand had lashed him, in full flight, with a tremendous whip, he staggered, uttered a cry and fell in a crumpled heap. . . .

Wounded in both legs, he regained the rear with difficulty. It was light now, a fresh bright morning, blue and golden; on each blade of grass a pearly drop, sparkling and pure. The gentle breath of a caressing zephyr languidly chased away the hovering trails of smoke, and all alone, in resplendent beauty, bending over its thorny stem, a rose mirrored its lovely self in a pool of rain water. . . .

Suddenly, at the mere perfume of this flower, so strangely perfect against a crumbling wall, he lived again that evening when he had brought to his beloved a gift of flowers. . . . Then, as he called to mind her happiness and surprise, the sweetness of the emotion in which she had pinned in her shawl a rose like this one, with the same gesture with which that other time he had raised to his, two eager lips, with the self same gesture, he gathered the miraculous flower.

And, as knights of yore came back after many battles won, laden with fabulous treasures, so Romain Laclande, humble child of our beloved France, muddy, dirty, but bleeding and glorified brought back a rose for Geneviève.





THE Spring Term is reputed to be the most eventful of the session, and this year has proved no exception. In fact, events have so carried us along that the end of Term is rapidly approaching before we have had an opportunity of collecting our thoughts properly to consider all that has occurred.

The last fortnight in January was spent in making arrangements for the I.V.D. week-end, which proved as enjoyable an event as ever. We entertained some fifteen or sixteen delegates from all over the country, including a representative from a college so remote from us as Durham. The debate itself was of rather a higher standard than usual in spite of the shortness of the time at our disposal. Stoneham and Winchester were again visited, St. Cross Hospital proving to be of especial interest, not only from historical and architectural reasons, but also on account of the refreshment which may be obtained, if desired.

Those delegates who remained were present at the I.V.D. soirée on Saturday evening, when they made a valiant effort on behalf of the Appeal Fund. Our thanks are due to all those who helped organise the week-end and especially to those who were so kind as to offer hospitality to our guests in their homes.

The outstanding event of the Term, however, has undoubtedly been the Rag. Preparations were well in hand by Xmas, but this Term saw their very extensive elaboration, and there is no doubt that the time bestowed on them has been amply repaid. The sale of programmes organised before the actual day of the Rag proved remarkably successful, and indeed, we were able to start Rag Day entirely free of expense for that reason. The Students' Charity Ball, run by the Rag Committee, although unsuccessful financially, afforded a most enjoyable social evening at the Pier Pavilion. We were favoured with remarkably fine weather for March 1st, and the stunts of the day were carried out well up to time schedule. The confetti battle at the Junction proved a triumph of synchronisation, although Tramway officials had other views on the matter. The brass band was an innovation which achieved marked success, whilst Cissie the Cow, proved as popular as before. The Rag Concert held at the Coliseum in the evening was well patronised and in spite of its lack of rehearsal was carried through with more than usual effect. Final figures are not yet available, but it seems probable that our profits will be somewhere

THE WEST SAXON.

in the neighbourhood of £400. The "Rag Bag" was again a very creditable effort and between 8,000 and 9,000 were disposed of. The success of the Rag was undoubtedly due to the enthusiastic co-operation of all students on the actual day and particularly to those who assisted in the various preliminaries which took place during the preceding fortnight.

Rag Week was immediately followed by Opera week, when the Choral and Orchestral Society presented "The Pirates of Penzance." Collections at all performances have so far constituted a record and congratulations have been showered on the chorus from all sides. Much credit is due to the Society for so successful a production, as the difficulties of staging in our Assembly Hall are easily manifest to all.

Representations have been made to Senate during the Term for the establishment of a definite morning break, but although that has not been granted, Senate has informed the Students' Council that lectures officially commence at five minutes past the hour, thus giving in practice a maximum break of ten minutes between each lecture.

Owing to the extra students in the Education Faculty, the Students' Council have found it necessary to provide for their separate representation on Council next year, and amendments to constitution are now before the College Council to that effect.

In recognition of his generosity towards the newly-founded Boat Club and his work for the Choral and Orchestral Society, Mr. Casson has been elected an honorary member of the Union.

We had hoped to entertain four Russian students at College during the week-end of March 7th to 9th, but they were unfortunately unable to come owing to some mis-carriage of arrangements and postponement of dates.

The N.U.S. Committee have given some consideration to general University problems submitted to them by headquarters, and are in process of answering a questionnaire received from the same source. The N.U.S. congress will be held at Cambridge during the Easter Vacation, when the general topic of discussion will relate to modern tendencies in all aspects of civilisation.

The Appeal Committee has continued to meet regularly this term and has submitted weekly lists of student activities to the Editor of the College columns in the "Echo."

The Hall Committee has also met, but owing to the popularity of lunch-hour dancing has not considered it advisable to organise lunch-hour entertainments of any other kind in the Assembly Hall.

A new piano has been purchased with the assistance of a grant from the College Council, and we were given a very fair price for the old instrument, which was taken in part exchange. The piano is available for the use of all College Societies, thus avoiding the inconvenience and expense that has hitherto been incurred.

As a fitting conclusion to so strenuously active a Term the Easter Vacation is to be longer than usual, giving ample time for recuperation in readiness for the final Term of session.



UNIONS AND SOCIETIES.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

WE are almost an Inter-Varsity Relations Club, having on four occasions this Term come into contact with other colleges. At the beginning we accepted with regret the resignation of Mr. Dyson, who was replaced by Mr. Melton in time to act as host at our I.U.D. on January 31st.

We flatter ourselves that it was a success, and we received some very complimentary letters from the delegates, fourteen in all, who spoke. The motion: "That war is an Inevitable By-Product of Modern Civilisation," was proposed by Liverpool, opposed by Manchester, and seconded by Bristol and U.C.L. The motion was really well debated and finally lost. We thank Mr. Dudley most heartily for taking the Chair. We were disappointed in our audience, and congratulate the so-called weaker sex on having been less afraid of getting wet.

In the dinner-hour of Feb. 6th we debated "That the Speed Limit should be Abolished." Miss Benington, proposing, debated coherently; Mr. Melton retaliated lightheartedly. Mr. Naish complained that when a car made up its mind to run over you it had got the whip-hand, and Mr. Brett soared into spiritualism. The floor contributed a few appropriate poems.

Mr. Melton represented us at Bristol on February 7th, where he opposed "That Debating is Dangerous and Futile and Ought to be Abolished." Miss Benington, at the London Union Debate on February 21st opposed "That the Lazy Man is the only Happy Man," and Mr. Brett at Exeter opposed "Democracy."

Our hosts seem to credit us, as a college, with a contradictory turn of mind.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY.

THE activities of the Society this Term have, with the exception of one meeting, been confined to the study circles. These have, however, been well attended, and some interesting discussions have taken place.

The first meeting took place on January 21st, when Mr. Seaton opened the discussion with a paper on "Disarmament." The speaker gave an ample survey of the subject, mentioning the difficulties which must be overcome before disarmament could be secured and dealing with the chief disarmament conferences of the last ten years. He concluded by expressing the opinion that only through education could lasting peace be secured.

At the next meeting Miss Usher read an interesting and illuminating paper on "The Permanent Court of International Justice." The speaker explained the constitution and status of the court and outlined its history.

At the last of the study circles, Dr. Rutherford spoke on "Previous Projects for Permanent Peace." He dealt with some of the attempts to secure peace by the establishment of a wide empire, and finally with the Concert of Europe of the Napoleonic period, which he compared with the League of Nations.

One lunch-hour meeting took place at which Mr. Cardew spoke on the aims and work of the League of Nations Union.

THE WEST SAXON.

SOIRÉE COMMITTEE REPORT.

THE only thing wrong about the Carnival Soirée, the last dance of the Winter season, was the fact that it ended all too soon. However, the exemplary conduct of the men and women during the novelty dances should prove a potent argument in favour of extending the time of soirées should that question ever arise in the future.

The I.V.D. Soirée which was held on Saturday, February 1st, was an overwhelming success from every point of view. All present were highly amused by the harmless antics of the male delegates.

The presence of the "Dominoes Dance Orchestra" on both occasions helped in no small way to make both functions highly enjoyable.

I. CHORNICK.

THE PLAY-READING CLUB.

THE Club has continued to meet regularly during the Term with considerable success. Meetings are better attended now than ever within the last several years. There is a genuine enthusiasm among certain sections of the College community and considerable talent is at large which we hope will be at the disposal of the Stage Society at the end of the year.

There is talk of starting a Shakespearean Society, which, although it will be separate from the Play-Reading Club merits being signalled under this heading. This, we feel, will meet with hearty support if the necessary enterprise is once forthcoming.

S. J. S.

THE CHESS CLUB.

THE League Fixtures of the second half of the season have suffered many rearrangements owing to their clashing with College functions. It is therefore impossible to say, in view of the fact that two matches have still to be played, what place the College will occupy in the League. It seems likely, however, that we shall be second.

The College is the only team that has beaten the champions at all, and they have done this in both home and away matches, proving their superiority in match-play, at least.

A. J. C.

ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL SOCIETY.

AFTER nearly two terms of rehearsals the Society will produce "The Pirates of Penzance," by Gilbert and Sullivan, on the 6th, 7th, 8th and 10th March.

Originally it was intended to give three performances only—one for students, and two on behalf of the Appeal. The number of applications for tickets, however, has been so large that it has been decided to give an additional performance on Monday, 10th March. Three evenings are therefore to be set aside for the Appeal and we hope that the fund will benefit considerably.

At the time of writing the dress rehearsal has just been held and would appear to foreshadow successful productions. The principals are well suited to their parts and in

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this connection the opportunity should be taken of expressing our thanks to Miss M. Samways, an ex-student, who has kindly undertaken, at rather short notice, the difficult part of "Mabel." The chorus, which is well-balanced, has reached a high standard, the rendering of such choruses as "Hail! Poetry" being particularly fine. Mr. L. R. Charman and Mr. H. G. England are acting as joint producers. Special mention should also be made of the excellent scenery, painted by Mr. L. E. Brett, who has spared no effort to give a realistic setting to the scenes. The cast is well supported by an orchestra drawn from friends of the college and under the conductorship of Mr. D. C. Williams.

Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the season has been the enthusiasm shewn by all members, and as a result it is hoped to continue the meetings of the Society during the Summer Term. B. W. G.

STUDENTS' GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



THE Students' Geographical Society has had another successful term.

Last term, too late for publication in the "West Saxon," we were treated to an enjoyable lantern lecture on "Corsica," by Miss E. Sparshott, B.Sc.

The opening meeting of this term was addressed by Prof. O. H. T. Rishbeth—who gave a most interesting account of part of his tour in South Africa with the British Association last year. Both lecture and lantern slides were much appreciated by the large audience.

The outstanding lecture of the session, on "Making a Map of China," was given by Lady Hosie, an authority on China, who has spent much time in the country, and was able

to give many illuminating details of life in China.

On February 26th, a number of students took advantage of the courtesy of the Director-General, to visit the Ordnance Survey Office. Colonel G. S. S. Cooke welcomed the party in the Library, where much of interest was seen. Two groups were formed, each under the supervision of a guide, who conducted them around the various departments. The afternoon's visit proved to be most instructive and enjoyable.

Another excursion was made by a small party of students to the Hydrographical Surveyor's Office at Southampton, by kind permission of Commander J. A. Rupert-Jones. A most interesting afternoon was spent looking at various charts, the proposed dredging schemes and other matters, all of which were explained in a most entertaining manner by the Commander.

This term's programme will conclude with a lecture by L. E. Taverner, Esq., M.A., who will tell us about his last year's holiday—a cycling tour in Germany.

A. I. N.



RUGBY.

FROM the point of view of results the season has not quite come up to expectations. To date our fixture list shows 9 W., 9 L., and 2 D., but we hope to turn the scale in our favour on Saturday, March 15th, when the Trojans provide the opposition.

Throughout the season a good quality of rugger has been displayed and every member of both teams is worthy of praise. Individual commendation is out of the question here, but we might single out for congratulation O. W. Munden and G. Mann on their being selected for the Hants County Trial and W. V. Smith on his inclusion in the southern side against the northern universities.

Our form, in the earlier part of the season, had been fairly consistent, but the university matches proved to be our undoing, and we succumbed to heavier sides. Thanks to the team-spirit the quality of our rugger in no way suffered.

Practically all the members of the team will be available next season so we look to them to "go far" and write another page in the history of U.C.S. Rugger.

W. F. F.

SOCCER.

WE have not been quite so successful this Term as we were last, owing mainly to weakness in front of goal. The players are not bad individually, but there seems to be an unaccountable lack of finish which is so necessary near goal. We have been unfortunate to lose on several occasions when we have had more of the play than our opponents. The results for the season up to the present are :

P	W	L	D
19	10	6	3

As most of this season's team will be available next session we are confidently looking forward to an even more successful time then.

K. E. P.

ATHLETICS.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

AT the time of writing the Club record stands as follows :— Won, 11 ; Lost, 11 ; Drawn, 2. Goals for, 70 ; Against, 67. With three matches remaining to play it should be an interesting struggle to obtain a favourable balance of games won. The team has shown very definitely that it needs time in which to settle down, since the beginnings of both Autumn and Spring Terms were marked by a series of defeats. During these periods the team played well at times but was really composed of a number of individuals rather than units in a more or less co-ordinated side. In each case a welcome revival set in with the approach of half-term, and an unchanged but transformed team defeated many that had previously vanquished us. The net result has been that whilst only one team has defeated us in both home and away games we, on the other hand, have conquered only one team on both occasions—which is consistent with the record given above.

However, history has been made, since a 2nd XI has been formed and actually played—and lost—two matches. This is a welcome indication of enthusiasm for the game, and on the strength of it an optimistic secretary has arranged a number of fixtures for the 2nd XI for next season. As a result of the formation of this team the 1st XI has been able to draw upon a larger number of players than usual when illness and other misfortunes have rendered regular players unavailable.

R. S. S.

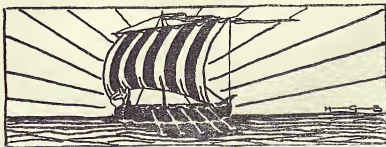
SWIMMING CLUB.

THE Swimming Club has been resuscitated this term, and is now going strongly. Two coaches have been engaged, and already some talent has been shown, especially among the men.

Fixtures have been arranged for next term with Reading, Goldsmith's College, and Winchester, and it is hoped to secure other matches during the Term.

We would urge all swimmers to turn up regularly for practice, and take advantage of the first-class coaching which is now available. Non-swimmers can also obtain instruction at a very much reduced rate.

E. S. C.





HIGHFIELD HALL.

ALL through this Term we have been watching the growth of the new building and the slow demolition of parts of the old Highfield Hall. The central block is now nearly complete, and we used it for the first time at our entertainment of Russell Hall and Stoneham seniors. We are lucky in possessing a dining-hall with a splendid dance floor—a luxury which the old Highfield has never known.

But while the new building gains in distinction every day, we have lost two buildings which, though rather dilapidated, were vital parts of the house to many people—namely, The Hut and Winter Garden. The latter was last seen in a lorry being taken to College, and it is suggested that an imposing addition to the Refectory or the Assembly Hall is imminent!

During Finance Week our Juniors gave us a splendid entertainment, the varied programme included sketches, elocution and Welsh singing, and the admission fee was—one penny.

Rumour has it that next term, when the new building is to be opened officially, will be an eventful one for Highfield Hall. So we continue to contemplate the builders' yard and live in hope.

I. V. Y.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

THE Term has been a quiet one at Stoneham, and with the exception of fire alarms, real and imaginary, nothing has disturbed us, if one neglects the bathroom selections from the "Pirates." The Staff dinner on March 5th proved to be the usual success, and the concert, which followed the dinner, was up to the proverbially high standard of our entertainments. The Art Club held its first exhibition at the beginning of the Term, and even to those of us who prefer Tom Webster to the Italian masters it was evident that work of a really high standard had been submitted. Admiral Sir Richard Phillimore has been to dinner, and has given a talk on the Navy. From the official point of view the House activities for the Term have all been mentioned;

HALL NOTES.

however, our seniors have been introduced to the glories of the New Highfield. They have admired the dining-hall, the library, the common-rooms (and the fire escapes). However, contrary to the usual custom we have the last word in this matter, for in a year or two, we hope to be able to introduce our idea of what a hostel should be like. The plans of Stoneham II are prepared—but, alas! that is not saying much.

F. H. O.

MONTEFIORE HALL.

WE overlooked ourselves last Term, so we propose to give a "grand" report of our activities since last October.

Souvenirs of a jolly Freshers' Tea have now been dimmed by time; not so, however, has our successful Entertainment of South Stoneham seniors. We have likewise entertained, and been entertained, by Russell House, at the beginning and the end respectively of the Christmas Vacation. But our most recent "do" took place on Saturday, 15th February, when South Stoneham juniors joined us for a Social evening, on which occasion we gave our first play of this Session. We were very pleased by the success of this evening as we were decidedly nervous about the result, for very few of us knew any of our guests.

We had two House Teas last term, at both of which our Warden was present. We have been unable to have one this term, however, owing to the numerous other College distractions. This last fact is also the cause of the definite cancellation of our Bridge and Whist Party for Finance Week, so that our contribution has been restricted to individual efforts.

We feel very honoured that Miss Page, an old Montefiorian, has been made a member of the College Staff to fill the place of the late revered Dr. Horrocks, and we offer her our very hearty congratulations.

SOUTH HILL.

AFTER the first excitements of the session South Hill settled down to a fairly level peacefulness, broken only occasionally by the excitements of soirées, the Rag, Finance Week, and entertainments given to us by other Halls. On February 8th Russell Hall invited us to a social at College, and on the 15th the members of the House Committee went to Montefiore's entertainment, also held at College. Now there are only terminals to look forward to, and then the Easter vac., so we can end on a note of pious hope that the term's peace will not be marred by any disturbances, and that next term we shall have something of real importance to record.

RUSSELL HOUSE.

EARLY in the term the House entertained South Hill, the seniors of Highfield Hall, and South Stoneham to a very successful dance held in the Assembly Hall. In spite of the fact that several teams were playing away matches at the time and were unable to attend, there were about one hundred students present, all of whom spent an enjoyable evening, although having to stop at an early hour.

At a later date in the Term the members of Highfield Hall were "at home" to members of the House and everyone had a jolly time, being shown round the new building and afterwards dancing on an excellent floor to good music.

A. J. C.

THE WEST SAXON.

"FARRAGO."

WE have received notice of a new literary and artistic periodical bearing the above title. The next issue is announced for June. "Farrago" is published terminally at Oxford and, to quote the text of the notice, is "an undergraduate paper, edited, published—and for the greater part contributed to—by undergraduates." A copy of the prospectus is displayed in the main Corridor, and orders for the magazine itself should be addressed to : Simon Nowell Smith, 135 Banbury Road, Oxford. The price is two shillings.

EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE AT OXFORD.

WE have been asked to draw attention to the Conference of New Ideals in Education to be held at Somerville College, Oxford, from Saturday, April 19th, to Friday, April 25th, 1930. Information about the Conference can be obtained from the Secretary, Mrs. Mary Collins, Fairacre, Wiltshire Lane, Eastcote, Middlesex. A prospectus and programme can be seen in the main corridor at College.



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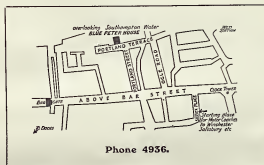
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